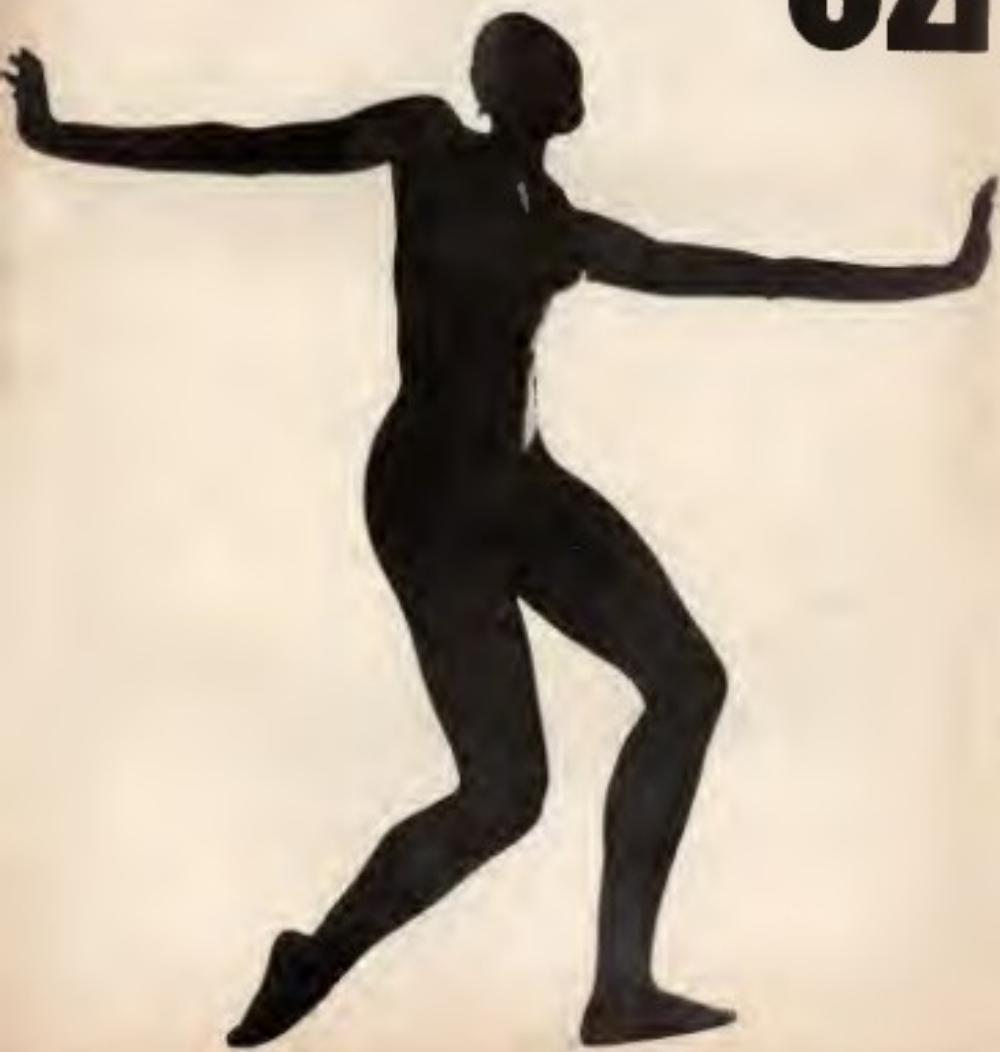


No. 9, MAY . . . 1/6

OZ



Sir,

I suppose after twelve months of publication you reckon that you have "bent off" any reader who comes to Christoffel, becomes one of those other silly old ideas. How ever, as a preceding *Christoffel* report, I sincerely say OZ, "to see how the other half lives" is great, and I can still believe making a preview of the underground movement of Sharp Little Fester message has come where the Association, the most successful event at all history, is compared to some sort of levitation event.

I thought you chaps had no regard the laws of common sense and wisdom that you might have had enough restrain to avoid the fourth member of the quartet, Blingblong.

Jack Ferguson,
Publisher, N.S.W.

Sharp ripper. Let's hope God has a sense of humor. If he hasn't he's hardly worth worrying about.

Sir,

I have read most of the editions of your magazine. Whilst pleased with the fact that attacks at stores are being made, because I believe political and social action is essential in a society such as ours I have been shocked at the shallowness of some of the material printed.

In this field I feel you have reached an all-time low in the article "Once Upon

A Time . . ." (OZ, APRIL). The only odd sounding fact about this article is that the writer should actually have the nerve to put his name to such trash, which is barely of First Year High School standard. That same naivety and naughtiness should unacceptable under the guise of satire or a joke upon the purpose of the magazine and an insult to your readers' intelligence.

G. C. Tilbury,
Canberra, N.S.W.

Sir,

Upon reading the latest edition of OZ I noticed your advertisement for literature on "How to become a King Harpooner and a King Master". One never knows when to take you seriously but I have enclosed a \$1 stamp and shall expect such literature to be forwarded in the next issue.

Patrick Barry,
Kilkivan, N.S.W.

Sir,

John Jarrold in his letter in the April OZ seems to have analysed you and your publications differently. You are fronted and presented as a threat to other authority. You have no control over your emotions and will user us to trouble again. (I don't wonder!) You are immature and compulsively show off in order to prove yourselves. You are cutting and shy, but not the right sort, because of your hidden magic and covert hostility.

Well, look, I am perfectly willing to admit this all this is true, but I would like to point out to Mr Jarrold that preadolescent conditions such as he deems have nothing to do with the effectiveness or quality or relevance of literary endeavours. A good part of our most important literary heritage has been produced by people of genius who were motivated by mortal disturbances of vacuous desire and kind. Great work is not produced of course, as many seem to assume, because the writer is sick, but emotional turbulence often provides the stories in not the best. Happy people tend to sing through life more lamely, enjoying the sensory, even when they're amorous.

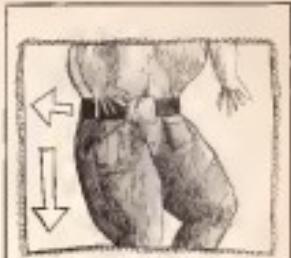
The point is, analysing you doesn't suffice OZ. A writer is not his work. His work is a reflection of him, but you can do a lot with writers. Mr Jarrold seems to have flagged him up and he should be well advised to get away from Peacock Frost and go back to his Wyndham for Bigotry. We can't stop him till you see we as long as OZ continues to improve. And if he processes is to do that, I promise not to ask him how to edit the perfect magazine.

Ross Smith,
Bundaberg, N.S.W.

Sir,

In 1961 I daringly made a trip to Hong Kong despite the warnings of sceptical Australians to the effect that it was an evil and it would be raped an every second centre. What is the Crown Colony? I led an abandoned life — going to numerous movie houses and seeing perfectly innocuous movie pictures. One reason I enjoyed myself going to Hong Kong is because there is no censorship. Here are some tips to a tourist: practice knowing bad well, that whether you're good bad, or indifferent, it will pass through without a care.

One of the greatest I saw there was RICHARD K., and early in the year the stranded American Lee Taylor, right up to a sympathetic Eddie Fisher shot in a child of 12 or 13 the had been raped by an old friend of the family. Let them add, "but do you



FLICK-OFF JEANS ARE KING

Next time you're down the beach, don't be embarrassed by jeans that won't come off the moment you get moisture on them. How to become a King Harpooner and a King Master. On the inside, all the ladies need pantomimic, while you're been up on the table STRETCHING. Is not this right pants off? This won't happen again when you change to FLICK-OFF.

Our exclusive "Bigfoot" tells us, plus special undercover run down to the kiosk, lots you want about pants . . . OZ will have you and all the other "bigfoot" girls that proudly dress in your ankles.

Laugh at your mate when they write crudely in the letterbox, you can wipe them out with FLICK-OFF.

know something? I enjoyed it. I enjoyed every bit of it.

Upon my return to Australia, I used to see BUTTERFIELD 8 again. Knowing the famous story of Australian censorship I should not have been surprised — but was — when a vital cut occurred in the word track. Here South of the Equator, where Miss Ann Martin, was allowed to say she had been raped, but the place of dialogue in which she expressed her enjoyment of the art was sadly muted.

Moral: Under Australian censorship laws it is DK for a girl of 12 to be raped, but the must not enjoy it.

Bogey Dood,
Perth, W.A.

Sir,

Anything which attacks the Sacred Cow of Australia will have my enthusiastic support, whether it contains sex, politics, religion, greed or even "lesbian" banter. However, if a involves cruelty merely for the sake of setting fire to OZ can go without being persecuted for obscenity and not because of obscene exposures of staged official attitudes, than I fear your membership will never match the heights of good execution.

This I feel applies to the article on page 6 of your March issue. It gives an unfortunate impression of being one more attack on homosexuals. I feel this comment in OZ is surely the homophobe and his suffered under the boons of Australian Sacred Cows the song as it is at. Perhaps I misinterpreted it, but isn't the impression given to book my wife and myself?

Although I subscribe to the views of Valentine I'd do more justice with what you say but I will defend 'em' etc) I would also hope that OZ keeps its integrity.

J. Barnard
Brisbane, N.S.W.



WHAT? FOOTBALL IN TAILS?

Yes, sir, and why not?

After all, Rugby is the sport of gentlemen and we must always be well dressed at work or at play. And cheap as it is so many Vent Farnell Wear. Here a suit or a dinner suit, top hat or tails. With the help of FORMAL WEAR your wardrobe will be sensible, and your expenses - *Gentlemen, we shouldn't talk about things like this* - be reasonable. Your tails accessories, will kindly tell you a lot.

FORMALWEAR

• Dinner suits • lounge suits, • dress
suits • morning suits • tuxedos • shirts,
etc., and all the accessories,

• Bridal gowns • bridesmaids' gowns
• mother of bride gowns • ball gowns
• debutante gowns • party gowns •
cocktail gowns • fur • jewellery, etc.

147a KING ST. Telephone 28-0551

fiji or not fiji

Poverty is a relative thing, and it can be said only that many children in Australia and Fiji are living raised without distress by parents in much less comfortable circumstances than those of Nancy's father, who is the owner of a house property of Suva and is a skilled tradesman in a field where there is a steady demand in Fiji.

—“The Times of Fiji.”

Mr Pressad formerly was a Public Works Department foreman, but has not worked since his return from visiting members of his family in Australia.

He said he owned two houses at Suva, living in one and renting out the other.

I have been offered several jobs, Mr Pressad said. But the money was lower than I was getting with the Public Works Department.

—Sydney “Daily Telegraph,” April 6, 1944.

At 4 finished pouring their cool drinks the familiar old masters commenced bantering the Pressad family including the newly arrived young ones who had come back to Fiji to rejoin in the family corporation. And I listened back to that day when it all began.

I had been polishing that shear at the Pressad home on the outskirts of Suva, the capital of Fiji, with one ear pressed to the excited bubble coming from the door where the old men were gathered. I strained trying to make out what was going on. Then I spotted Ahmed, their master, coming out of the door. Truly we had built most of the corner offices for him. I kept waiting while the old men double checked the rum. Ahmed had delivered from the Pressad's other property.

It seemed, according to Ahmed, that after consultations with their accountants, the Pressads determined that they could afford a little holiday. Like a four months' trip south we went to Sydney, Australia.

Now with a shy grin and a chuckle Ahmed told me what and experienced when the family got to Fiji. Started to find out first the best way was triple that of Fiji the entrepreneurs. Pressads, forming all plans for a holiday, were lost to see out, so they all took jobs. They pooled their savings in the good old family tradition and purchased a house in one of the outer suburbs. Not too elaborate a place of course — they didn't want to make the Tourism Department suspicious — just a small place that they figured would port a stipend appreciation of between ten and fifteen per cent per annum.

One night across made Jim Fenwick Review, old man Pressad began to muse something was worrying him — something disturbed his sense of security — there was bad coffee! He contemplated changes that made a black Indian world not help at all. He wondered if he might buy each member of his family a Star of David? No he considered that too expensive. Besides that trick was paid. Suddenly he jumped to his feet and firmly announced his family would be the who were of the best. Coming outside to the kitchen he found his wife at G.M.H. He declared that they must principles more than saves the Asian Southeast so that perhaps they could get ransom of Australia.

Finally the daughters carried out Popp's orders and pretty soon they were passing more pleasure to their newly acquired Australian prospects than they were to their newly acquired Australian spouses. Dad and Mrs. and Miss held all the time back and fighting their separation order. But very shrewdly during a Mecca Tax investigation, saw the crop did not before they formed had a certain plan with family, otherwise, well-reputed daughter Rose.

If only the sweet little wife could find Clancy with the boy she could be allowed to stay home; then perhaps the old folk back in Fiji given for her should be permitted to come back and be with her. Fratty sneaky stuff!

Hastily writing the Commonwealth Health Bulletin Act, they showed young Clancy into a hospital and foreclosed his deposits by having his foreman removed.

The key impressed out of mind and out of mind, and Xmas cheer and Easter merriment and Big Sister was too busy with all that nonsense she was making to take time off from work to accompany the child back to his parents. She was so busy she even forgot to cash in those today. Queen had given her for 2200.

But Clancy's boys were acting a bit pack of all that merriment and decided it was a bit much. Rose had Clancy away with some neighbours who were particularly fond of this sort of things. Then the called Dad in Fiji.

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Poor ole Dad, she related afterwards to the Press Conference she had called, was lamenting and weeping his woes. How could he afford to keep going? Didn't Cancer? Surely everyone was understanding when he said the market had dropped and the bank's only assets that were money on the Brisbane TV shares and he had to have an older and weaker work and if he was in Australia he'd be still giving his Social Service?

Following Dad's extraction that if this didn't work, the way to create the Afrika-Australia, now days called as Ghanian Adams what he names. The one who now all did not and knew of. Hadn't she married a fair young Asian and now had access to the ears of the Dan's Army?

The editorial and Over-U's column really brought home to the thralls and leers to the eyes of many astute Sydney pressmen Andrew Pressad had the same name, son again Fatherhood of the Dark Earth, son again Fatherhood of the Union, the Tower Hall, Jones, Dido Workings, the Sellers Assoc. did not in the net. The Prime Minister, nevertheless while offering his services into a general in the Monashian anti-colonial declared that it was a singular piece of extravagance and that Australia was too jolly well great.

Finding like one champion of their fate the Pressads relied with relief. Then it happened! Old Ahmed stabbed — shot off an anonymous letter to The Times of Fiji because Dad Pressad wouldn't pay him for doing his laundry.

Oppy and his boys said they knew the son of the last in their not wholly a man Colonial Spy who shadowed them in — far going Child Endowment.

—SELKOPY

round
the
world on a
limerick

AUSTRALIA

My Dynasty's emblem, the Aborigine
My King is a cynical thug
We Knights of the Thrill
May gloom and brood
But for whom Arthur Cawell who's
King

EAST GERMANY

Here Oberholz then got up to yell
Dear Countries, the projects a bleak
A baby's too small
To climb over the Wall
But a toddler defected last month

RUANDA

Worried cannot be denied
For Belgian president cried
My plan is quite juicy
Let's KILL the Wounded
Before long we thousand had died

UNITED STATES

I am Caesar Marcellus Clay
The greatest prizefighter today
I owe my success
To my brothers — I guess
And to Allah who gave the G.O."

—Oscar Nelson

→ These 400 people from the suburbs going to ~~the~~ the City on Saturday night to look at all the colored



ANSWER:
The *Coccinia* plant has two types
of plant cover, so probably a mon-

THAT WAS ... APRIL

If the Australian film industry is to develop it should be banned — Senator

Have you smelt that deepest sound in
giving birth and bairns? Exhausted by six
months of business, the bandwagon is grinding
perpetually to a standstill.

The would-be records can be rolled down to
be re-rolled into the next big record, but the mega-
wall seems to get thicker in the factory. The British
studios, obscured by their distinctive labels, like
distant stars seen to the horizon's basement.

And the young girls can receive their snapshots
for the next hymn — banished conscious holding
their time. The latter disease runs. Money

The earliest drug about the Sydney coast
strikes was the way in which the Letters to the
Editor columns of the daily newspapers
were so singularly unaffected. Talk about
Ghosts in the Night!

HAPPY ENDING: With an absolute
silence of face, Mr Justice Gibbs
delivered his report on Brisbane's
National Hotel. He found that there
had been no neglect or violation of
duty in relation to policing the hotel.
All the witnesses, without exception,
were remarkable and their forthcoming
impossible to accept.

He reported that the liquor laws had
in fact been broken at the hotel and Mr. Mrs. Roberts, the proprietor,
should bear some responsibility for a
"certain laxity" in the keeping of "an
decorum" over the hotel. He found
that there was "friendly relationship"
between the Roberts family and many
members of the police force, including
Police Commissioner Baschell, that, of
course, the police knew nothing about
what was going on—in, rather, there
was insufficient evidence that they did,
which is much the same sort of thing.

The really wonderful thing about it
all was the timing of the publication
of the report. It came one night in the
middle of Queensland's Police Week.
The very next day, what the "Courier Mail" called "an unexpectedly big crowd"
turned out to cheer through
Brisbane's streets a procession of 200
police from all States mounted on
lakes, old style police cars and other
P.R. paraphernalia.

In the flush of merriment, Brisbane's
feasted, independent Press entirely forgot
to raise any of the niggling doubts
a few people entertained about the
National Hotel Report.

BITS AND TURKEY: Mandy Rice-Davies —
"Lady Macbeth" to those who remember
— may never have got her Waterloo but
this month she did experience her Guillotine.

After exposing Turkey for an biased
political appointment, she was routed by
the Turkish Modern Union, which com-
plained that her example might send the
young girls downhill and up red.

After the Ministry of the Interior (page
upright) issued an order expelling her "for
her unbecoming behaviour in Turkey" she
went to the British Embassy for consolation.

Turkey is a country of enormous political
sophistry with strong parties on both the
left and right. But young Mandy did not
allow her old-fashioned wonder: I guess she
just had too many friends in the Middle.

An American dental report has revealed that
smoking may cause the spread of tooth decay.
The Minister for Health, Senator Woods, confessed
in Parliament that 40 years ago he would not
have consulted with dentists a heavy smoker for
long.

A pretty daring sort of statement for a parlo-
mentarian third. I don't know why we don't
just go ahead and make Raging on offence

Poor Leslie, despoiled and dishevelled
because she wasn't going to have her wed-
ding in Holland. She will go down in posterity
as the princess who forecast the dyke
for a Reign in Spain.

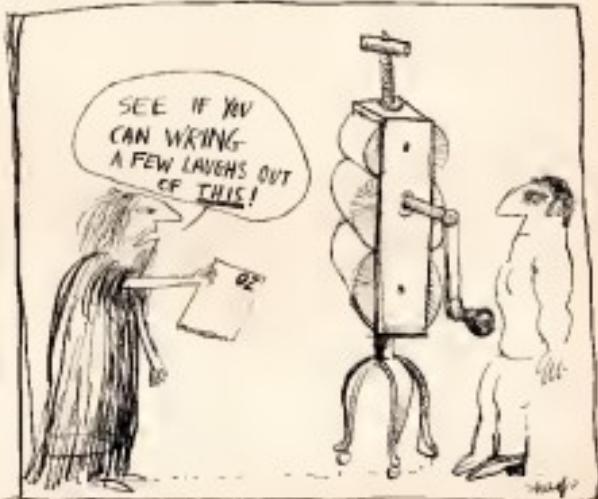
These neural graft operations are becoming
increasingly common.

A friend of ours recently had one of her
kidneys removed and replaced with a
monkey's. Then she had part of her pan-
creas similarly exchanged. Finally, faced
with adhesion of the liver, she had to have
the left lobe of a monkey liver grafted
into her just five days later. Now, she
looks as fit as a fiddle, if only they could
persuade her to come down off the roof.

THE two greatest living clowns both this
month celebrated their 75th birthday. Charlie Chaplin celebrated his 75th in Switzerland
and Nikolai Kharlamov celebrated his
75th in Moscow.

Soviet author Sveti Kotkin explained
the years have proved powerless to extinguish his kind, happy smile, his great love
ofankind. He created and made alive to
millions of people the character of a little
man suffering under the brutal laws of a
totalitarian society" (Meltz-Harold, April 17).

—SHELDON



I didn't come down
in the last election. I've
been to the WLR, I know
that's good for me.

AC used to be lonely, dead
IT in just here. No need
to talk about IT.

WE ALL KNOW IT

GOES ON

DO NEED to talk about
anything. NOT bad
BUT
FAR'S & not to back
about IT. In fact
I think it would be a
DAMN GOOD idea if
we could STOPPED RAVING
And TALKING AND THINKING
and became DECEN



£ £ £ £ £ £ £

This month over half of the two million shares in United Telecommunications (Generalised Pty Ltd), recently granted Bradfield's three Tel. licenses, changed hands to "mature investors".

For a fortnight it was anyone's guess and everyone's safe-harbour as to which of the Big Four in newspapers, radio and television (Reg. Mr John, Rupert or Sir Frank) had bought the shares and who else did.

RIO ANSETT was outright favourite as representative of the camp from the start. Once a low-keyed, he has never quite mastered the lack of manner-mania of his finance calling. He is the genuine acknowledged mouthpiece of the Liberal Government. At the last Federal elections he inserted advertisements in the Press inviting the return of the Morris Government.

His formal role is Chairman of Assets Transport Industries Ltd. Came to public notice when he took over Australian National Airways. Business interests in road haulage, Broken Hill and hotels.

Came into the big telecommunications business. Has a vital 3 per cent interest in its new Perth and Adelaide television channels. Australian Television Pty Ltd, granted Melbourne's new channel in April is a wholly owned subsidiary of Assets Transport Ltd.

He has never been one to avoid unpopularity. The Victorian Government was recently forced to conduct an inquiry into the methods by which he managed to forestall a Victorian State Rivers and Water Supply Commission plan to put a reservoir on part of the Mt Eliza estate, from which he left regular to work daily.

Since then he has accepted Bradfield's credence by the majority of the local insurance underwriters in the construction of his new TV tower and obtained small powers who enabled him to nominate members of panels while he withdrew the financial from the Australian Herald because he deemed the proximity of £1,300 was too small to be worth his consideration.

Sir Peter Polding is reported to be assigned to undertake Ansett's television interests as generally as his abilities. Sir Robert is reported to think that Ansett has

given too far. The paper at the Liberal nucleus is the new Attorney-General, Ricks Smale, whom opponent of ministerial practices, who represented interests opposed to Ansett at the Mt Eliza case.

He is aarduous in all present and potential Liberal Governmental, particularly that of N.S.W., which prevented his boldfacing East-West Airlines out of business. He is the golden boy of all true Liberals, particularly Harry Boyle (who took the witness stand for him during the Mt Eliza case). Mr Anderson the Director of Civil Aviation (who gave evidence for him before the broadcasting Commission) and, last, but not least Senator Polding, the Minister for Civil Aviation and his colleagues silly, who has undertaken to remunerate them so that Ansett is able to pay in shareholders 10 per cent on capital after tax and "reasonable reserves".

SIR FRANK PACKER is no manager in company. However, he bought state GTV, Melbourne after it was awarded television licence, has devoted some of the best years of his life to browbeating the directors of Angus & Robertson's and no one knows occasion actually used physical force in an attempt to take possession of Sydney's Atherton Press. He was second director in the Brisbane Stock Exchange.

As well as GTV, he is chairman of TCA Sydney, has a strong interest in the new Newcastle channel and smaller interests in Melbourne channels. The Premier-Governor cannot have been a misleading link between Sir Michael and Sir Sydney, although it is disclosed, for pressmen, present, some

The source of his wealth is "The Australian Woman's Weekly", his extravagantly built "The Bellairs", the great disengagements in his life are the now defunct "Australian Financial Times" and the D-listed Great Sir Sydney "Telegraph". Is one-eyed that even the Libs take it with a grain of salt. But he is his knighted for all of that.

SIR JOHN WILLIAMS, English for his services, is the Managing-Director of the Melba-Sir Edward and Weekly Times group. His principal newspaper interests are The Melbourne "Herald", the Melbourne "Sun

Newspaper", the Adelaide "Advertiser" and Brisbane "Courier Mail".

The Herald and Weekly Times owns 15 per cent of the shares in NSW Pty Ltd, of Melbourne. Through its interest in Queensland Press it owns approximately 14 per cent of the shares in BFG Brothers and, through Advertiser Newspapers, approximately 13 per cent of the shares in ADG Adelaide.

Sir John's group has been described as the greatest purveyor of news in the country, but it is fairly obscure about what news it sells to to print. For example, NATION recently (December 24, 1961) pointed out in its coverage of the interim report on the Red Masses' collapse, this group owned one-quarter of the part played in the case by the Eastern Times. Editors and Agency Company, one of whose directors is Mr G. A. Carr, chairman of Herald and Weekly Times Ltd.

MIR RUPERT MURDOCH is the undisputed king of the yellow Press. His newspaper interests are: Sydney's Mirror Newspapers Ltd (including a string of metropolitan weeklies), the Adelaide "News", Brisbane "Truth", Melbourne "Truth" and "TV News". He controls one television station in Adelaide and one in a lesser extent in Wellington.

Rape is the white hope of forces, independent journalists in Australia and remains untouched for his endeavour in this field, unlike his father, Sir Keith. However, he has recently been engaged in a disclosed liaison with Sir Frank Packer, whose new-values are notoriously contentious.

This month the Prime Minister, with that overwhelming hostility as characteristic of him, predicted that the Liberal-CP coalition would win the next Tel. Federal elections. Not even the Labour Party has to admit that, even if it takes heavy losses, or that the Labour Party must come to power. A Labour Party severely committed to minnowisation of Press and communications activities, threatened by elected Labor and ready to absent the Press for its protected handline.

What will happen in Sir Reginald, Sir Frank and their circles does?

Nothing. By that time they will have taught us so well as that no one will even know that the Libs have quitted the Treasury benches.



THE UPPER CLASS



THE MIDDLE CLASS



The
lower
class
↓

And they're all made out of Ti

SPORTS ambitions

people they
hate

Church

*To Make Love to Albert
Schweitzer*

The Peter Pan Ball

To Learn Indonesian

Adultery

*To become a Window-
dresser*

Tax Evasion

*Entertain the Beatles "at
home"*

Shop-lifting



Bestiaries
State-schoolboys
Indigenous Australians
Greengrocers
Friendly Electrolytes

Stamp Collecting — from
Ampol Garage



Atheists

Turning Grass into Lawns

Eunuchs

Writing Letters to the
Herald

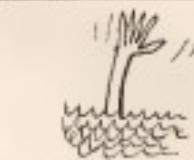
Russians

Boutiquewives

Picasso

Consumism

Intellectuals



Poofier-bushing
Kermanna
V.D.
Two-up
Drowning
Moving to the Mirror
Christianity

*To Open an Account at
DJ's*

Colour Interruptions

*To Own a Set of the Great
Books of the Western
World*

To Make the Social Pages

To Meet a Disc-Jockey



Upper-class
Middle-class
Abo's
Artists
Gordon Chater

cky-tacky ...

ney

CAUSES



user
men



White Australia Policy

Smoking does cause Cancer
but we don't care

Export Action

Legalised Abortion

Sir Robert

"Hush Puppies"

Test Cricket

Pure fruit juices

"The Group"

Standing for the National
Anthem

Eating an Extra Egg a Day

Colour TV

That "Omo" really does
wash whiter

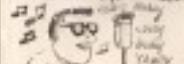
"Pimplex"

Surfers Paradise

The Hasty Tasty

Santa Claus

That Sir Francis Bacon
really wrote the plays at-
tributed to Shakespeare



These are the rows of concert seats that still
haven't been booked three weeks later.

This is a beetle. It is defined by Webster's Dictionary as: 'a heavy hammering or ramming instrument, usually with a wooden head, used for driving wedges, ramming pavements, etc.'

These are four effeminate pop-singers from Liverpool who are quite nice guys with average talent.

This is Brian Epstein. A slick entrepreneur. He decided to manage the boys and call them the Beatles'.

These are a few English teenagers. They dig the Mersey sound.

This is a hack journalist. He was rung-up by Mr. Epstein and told how the kids were going crazy over the Beatles. He writes lots of lovely stories.

Here are some English teenagers who read the stories and fall in love with the Beatles'.

This is a Sydney disc-jockey who is bored stiff. He reads about the Beatles in a London magazine. He loves their records and can't wait to spin plenty.

These are the dreary magazines that thrive on reprinting syndicated photos and phony articles about the mythical fifth Beatle and the girl Beatle.

This is a department store with a special 'Beatle-shop'. Only they spell it 'Beetle' cause they're too stingy to pay copyright. They sell 'Beatle wigs', 'Beatle jewellery', 'Beatle suits' and 'Beatle briefs'.

These are a lot more disc-jockeys, crop R.R. men and unimaginative advertising executives who cash in and tell us the world has gone Beatle-mad.

These are some publicity hungry teenagers who queue up 48 hours early to buy tickets to the Beatle concert.

These are the newspaper headlines reporting the riot.

NOW ON SHOW

PRIMAVERA WATER Collection BY CHRIS JACOPIES

**JUST above the
BUTCHERS opposite
WOOLWORTHS**

1. Dame Margaret Forsyth.
2. Margaret Partridge.
3. Anne van Boxhoven.
4. Kate Gilchrist.
5. Gillian Sharp (from Glaston).
6. Lady Lloyd Jones.
7. Sienna Delovre.
8. Tim Dusell.
9. Mrs John Lavelle.
10. Gillie and Neilson Brudenell.
11. Mrs Peter Mervin (from the Rosenthal).
12. Bill and Diana Atten.
13. Doug and Shirley Lamb.
14. Joe David.
15. Peter and Ian Ruskin.
16. Annabelle Shivas.
17. Kerry Henderson.
18. Alan and Sybil Beaman.
19. Denis O'Neil.
20. Nola Delovre (More thoughts from a friend).

social top

For sheer curve, you've got to hand it to Alan and Shirley Beaman. Either they don't like their clothes very much, or they have to wear them like they do. And the result is the sort of "heat" at every dinner party was not a flattery consciousness or a rare old party—God help these poor guests—such as he and his daughter Lynette trap! We feel that Sir "very witty and knowledgeable" connoisseur" can have no power over the social boarders. In any case, we were so impressed by such a blithe spirit of irreverence among our so-called upper-crust we couldn't resist giving the Beamans a position on the chart.

Talking of blithe irreverence, we are passing briefly over and past at **Death O'Neal's** happy dress parties at her Darling Point boudoir. Sydney seems to be desperately in need of new young social stars with original acts—as the atmosphere we simply have to include Denra. This time it was a "Wild West Party" (odd 2/3). What happened at were the girls dancing on from the opening "Wild Horses" to the show or did they slip on their horses over the bushes before afterwards?

We present that **Suzanne Delovre** is a young star that we are going to see a lot more of. She has been more or less pushed into the limelight by her amateurish parents—and the other rock star they gave her for her 21st birthday (\$M. 19/4). As Eddie Hawk remarked, she could not have worn in the party at her Mother's home. This means that she'll have to go in lots of balls, etc., so that all that money won't have been wasted. Suzanne and her far well become a well-known name on the Sydney social scene this winter, unless we are mistaken.

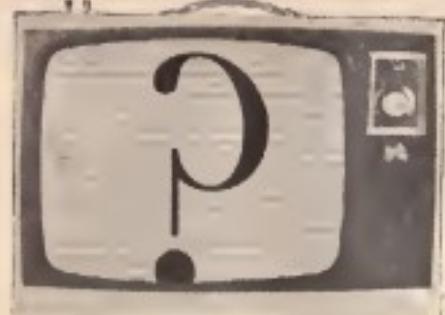
Second top (twisty) has got a twinge of stiffness when they have had the second of the famous Carlton entries, Gillian, has been around Darling and Glaston, and the other social points, and performing at the social stage. Still, it was good to see that Trinity, playing amateurish games, was on the show, which went quite a triumph. There were the usual pre-existing poetry reciting parties, karaoke, showers and poetry jams (\$M. 24/4/64) leading up to the Big Performance. The First Act took place at Wellington St. Mark's Tea Parlour at Darling Point, the Second at the equally well-known Peafowl Castle, and for the Third and Final Act the couple moved on to Lord Howe Island (Our coverage \$M. 12/4). Probably

the most popular of the supporting cast was Nancy Weston, singing soloist, who flew down from Australia to International (Gillard 9/6) which just shows that Nancy would be the only one born to fly.

At first we thought Lady Lloyd Jones was merely trying to cash-in again by presenting Harry Parsons his Arts on stage to ensure both Patricia White and Susany Nolan for a whole evening (S.T. 28/6/64) though we mentioned somewhere such stunts in a warning of her poor Pantomime record. We are told she still continues. But we seem to her to be a bit of a "old soldier". Bill Atten seems to be "Freddie" Evans' sprightly friend, her talents more or less for postage. His latest romance has given a number of gathering luster and may for W.C. not matter, "I could start your hat" (S.T. 16/6/64), nothing would surprise us. Of course the best thing about this romance is that Lady E.F. wouldn't need to sacrifice her present life—decidedly a consideration that can hold her back on private occasions.

Apparently undaunted by her recent nervous breakdown, Anne van Boxhoven is also performing and making it for her social starlets who are still around. Anne taking part in a "mild" Sydney's own Diva League has come back onto the local scene in a big way. The Telegraph (7/6/64) spotted her dancing bravely on board the Entente this month in a show whose top (according to one reporter's description) was occupied by the dancing beginner. No such hard lesson may be divine to come, but it's hardly our cup of tea. And as a pre-half-pastty event Anne went to the lecture with well-known social confectioner Noddy Koster (see Robson), ostensibly discussing final plans for the dance (Maver, 20/6/64). After this act, we think Anne is ready to appear at Censor one Film Festival.

Though a newcomer to the S.H. arena, Margaret Partridge has moved straight into No. 2 position on the Top Twenty Chart's something mysterious about Margy's publicity—she's been climbing the social ladder of success. However, we must say at once that it's the quality of her costumes and appearances rather than their quantity that has put her where she is today. Every photo and press release is the same she looks originally and intuitive and we predict a very short run for Margy. It's a word—definitely not star success!



slapstick senators

The liveliest, most unpredictable, off Australian, off live variety show of the month was the Senate's debate on the Australian television industry. They were discussing the Select Committee's report on the encouragement of Australian Production for Television. Here are some of the acts:

Senator Drake-Brockman: Why do we watch television? People watch television for different reasons. Perhaps two of us watch it for the same reason.

Senator Henty: I like it. That's why I watch it.

Senator Drake-Brockman: That is a point. Perhaps some people watch television to be entertained and to relax. Other people might put some other reason first.

Senator Mahon: I go to sleep.

* * *

Senator Kennedy: Only one per cent of the drama televised in Australia is of Australian origin. Most of the remainder originates in the U.S. of America. I have no quarrel about that, but nonetheless television is a medium which we should employ to establish our own tradition, and, as I heard somebody else say, to immortalise our own culture.

* * *

Senator Kennedy: My way of justification he [Senator Hannan] told the Senate that one Australian drama had a very good rating. I was interested but I forgot its name.

Senator Brown: It was 'Consider Your Verdict'.

Senator Kennedy: Yes. I look at it sometimes.

Senator Brown: There was splendid acting in that.

Senator Kennedy: I will not comment on the acting.

* * *

Senator Brown: I think it extremely important there should be a woman on both these bodies (A.B.C. and the Broadcasters Control Board).

Senator Gorton: You would settle for a woman of experience, would you?

Senator Brown: Yes, a woman of experience.

* * *

Senator Cont: The statement of the television stations that they are giving people what they want rather reminds me of a story of a man that was brought before the Old Bailey in London charged with having distributed pornographic literature. The basis of his defence was that he was giving the people what they wanted.

* * *

Senator Wright: I say at the outset that I think I was drafted on to the Committee having no artistic attainments or experience in matters pertaining to drama, neither as an artist nor an actor.

* * *

Senator Gorton: 'Bonanza' is a western that is supposed to have very high rating. Almost everybody in this chamber would have seen this programme. It depicts the only cattle ranch I have ever depicted without any cattle on it.

I think the young people of Australia would want to know why a cattle ranch did not carry any cattle.

Such films lead to brainwashing and give viewers an impression that such conditions could be found if they went to the United States.

* * *

Senator Wright: When I sit back in my armchair with my slippers on and watch a television programme, I like to see a bit of fun; but at the same time I am one of those fellows who did not have the opportunity to go to

Oxford and who did not have long to spend in educative channels which would give to many of us, particularly the men of adult years in the country, and their womenfolk, the delights of literature's acquaintance, history's stimulation and other educational pleasures.

I believe there is a great proportion of population whose thirst for knowledge would derive tremendous satisfaction, whose souls would be stimulated and whose life would be enlivened if educational purposes were in the minds of those who are developing this new and terrifically exciting medium by which knowledge, entertainment and information can be conveyed.

* * *

Senator Ormsome: You could not sell it to advertisers.

* * *

Senator Ormsome: When I saw it I thought there would be a lot of mothers all over Australia who would be feeling a bit worried on Saturday night, if they saw this film, about what was happening to their sons of Kings Cross. It was suggested to me that in a seafaring town you must have this sort of thing, that when the sailors come in they have to be looked after. And you do hear that expression of view in most unexpected places.

* * *

Senator Mawson: Would it not be just as logical for many of the mothers to be worrying about what was happening to their daughters?

* * *

Senator Wright: There is a tendency to jump off the wall and say 'We want Australian drama'. I, for my part, yielding to no one in my appreciation of the values that make the Australian character, want to see the European way of life, the British way of life and, perhaps, the Japanese way of life.

The Perfect Murder

(only it aint murder)

The main idea is to have hindsight—plan your slaying for some time. Some of that hoodwinked "cross-purposes" stuff. It doesn't wash with us.

The only dogood defense is strategy and hard, the harder way to live. And to be a success with intensity, or with anything, you need background, a certain presence and good references. It helps to be truly committed to humanity.

Think it out carefully.

More some lousy early experience, like taking a bite out of mom's left breast or being told you're with a pungeon. Any guy encouraged in later years will latch on to things like this. Watch them shift about constantly in the giddy image of a pinapple tree within them.

In your childhood, play it safe, unsexily, withdrawn. Play around the door when mommy and daddy make those funny noises. Then become a virgin.

The thoughts of puberty is the time for your first onslaught, too. When you feel the fast pulse racing toward the blind-street, never at parties, no sexiness, don't wait, go on a sexual rampage. (Don't get carried away at this stage. It's far better things best—people after a real killing.)

Up to now it's all basic preparation, mere groundwork. Now you're ready for the big event.

Since your intensity is judged by the prey traps the type of editorial status you currently ask yourself. Is it racial? Is it Andrew?

• Be thorough, do the whole bloody family. (An old and reliable favorite).

• Make it bizarre, get a gauzeck. Some

Melbourne woman was extremely irritated by a disapproving hobby and spreading her disapproving around Collingwood. London did a wise job disapproving his victim with logic (and, of course, kindness). And remember the Matildas?

• Play it dead after the event. Stand there if you can, stamping macabre, and say there was a red haze, everything went black, and you know best.

One last word to say I'd thought it all out and decided the best defense is to shoot his young son. (Doubtless a factor in good Andrew would stick to his position. What a laugh—the older's disease's most-candid-for-money didn't get one offend).

There are obvious openings for assassination in your life. You can always say you're going to get off on it before. Some old hand does just get it down to a fine art. Lawyer is a shining example of a cobbler working in his last, another cobbler is dimly poised any day now in Sydney.

With good pacy backround and a solid cast of crime under the belt, you can approach the court with complete confidence. By the second day you've impressed psychiatrists, juries and journalists. When the trial collapses after three sensational attempted attacks on the judge you can go off and be caught to wear beret or skip the badges and quite recovered from the ordeal of the court case.

Then, as a final entry walk dullishness and public indifference! Be your normal self and you'll be out free at the governor's displeasure.

—D.L.

They will also be raising money for SACHED.

SACHED stands for the "South African Committee for Higher Education". Under Apartheid, the coloured South African is forbidden to enrol at the white man's University. SACHED enables non-whites to do a correspondence course at London University, thus providing him with the advantage of an education unattainable in his native land. Give to SACHED on Commemoration Day — you'll help students to help a South African.

(Grant Nichol)

Next Wednesday, May 6th, Sydney University students will be celebrating Commemoration Day.

the
2

village square

the column of leading insignificance

by John Wilcock

Notes on the Nature of Things

Spain's Christmas page had 212 pages of ads, but at \$1,000, and as inevitable, mostly in color, that price has to stay. The room where Spanish Foreign Minister addressed so long ago is still running it. In these days, as male fashion requires, they endeavored to set aside their own conventional gowns. Now 30 years later, they are still trying to impose equally limited viewpoints about what's in and who's out on a generation that hopefully is now taught to accept their edits. More intelligent readers can check their own prejudices about what's the real and what's fake without any assistance from a hypocritical magazine whose upshot puts Esther here complicated that you just can't smart any more.

As Esther has become more and more estranged in the years of past, they have been getting better and better. Playboy's writing more often, in the form of short pieces of photos, is the most interesting division of such topics as sex, sexual, religious hypocrisy (not Burkini and Helmut), whatever other lunatic she might have, obviously possesses the courage to stick it neck out for some of his convictions. Ask the New Zealand League 22 Broadway Street, NYC 33, for its list of people whom like Chekhov wrote — again a good reason the world because they wouldn't be shocked. All the reasons why you shouldn't waste any less in England would make a good book, and I've often thought of writing it. But British playboy Ted Hughes gives the most accurate summation of the English character I've ever seen in the November issue of *Country & Stanley*. Major topics (18 items from 22 York Street, New York). Ask for it.

The other most interestingly, the dry laundry, the need of concern, the routine thought and exhaustion of looking — above all, that possibility, just going quality. Don't dismiss the Black Muslim too lightly. Take a look at the Muslim Council, copied in each issue of Muhammad Speaks (15 cents from 824 East 79th Street, Chicago 18) — it's just what Chekhov he lives with black, subtitled for white. When will some New York bar or coffee house import those great publications with their needed that one reader in Africa did their subtitles in Europe and Japan? More off-beat are the books listed in *Homer* (949 Madison Avenue catalogues out of February 1964, \$4.11). Super! Everything from postcard to antelope hunting guides, giochi d'arte, 1 dollar up.

Since the design development of the *Polygynous* (Doris Wiesner, \$1.25) a very few months ago of an appealingly simple, trim, a popular literary game over there has been a response to have it next spend that final four minutes. Ten stages-including Super! New York 1 West, Brit's a Cop Today, employ the Headphones, and a Pugil. Paper Disease Mail to Your Penpal, My Way West to Buy Sons—out offered for 25 cents by Alice Scott (734 East 27th Street, Brooklyn), who also offers a telephone answering service, comedy reviews, off beat radio shows, discographies, etc. for 4 dollars annually.

PTI, the Tax-Ex organization's house magazines, has been running household traps. The easiest one suggests that all odd types of the same general sheds things or gear should be boiled together for 30 minutes, or else end of which will come.

By special arrangement with the
Village Voice, New York

"The censor and the pornographer are two sides of the same person." — Mary McCarthy.

Mr W. A. Chaffey, Deputy Leader of the NSW Country Party, in mid-April was lured into the NSW Art Gallery by what he described as "informal manners". After inspection, he emerged protesting that exhibits in the NSW Travelling Art Scholarship were rude and obscene. "Even worse than some of the things sometimes scrawled on the walls of public lavatories."

The next day, our wretched Daily Mirror caught Mr Chaffey making a return visit to the gallery and snapped a candid shot of him examining a nude—"It makes you wonder whether the drawings were taken from real life or imagination," he mused.

Aware that the exhibition could not last forever, Mr Chaffey decided to preserve a sample in exhibition and send it round Australia . . . —or, "to warn them what to be on guard against".

Our recipient, Mr Wellford (Minister for Education), was predictably unmoved: "I strongly advise him not to try to send copies of it through the post or deliver them to his electorate by hand. If he does so, he is likely to be arrested, and quite rightly hauled off to Long Bay."

Mr Chaffey referred to the original nude as "gross depravity masquerading as art".

"We know a 'gross depravity' who is masquerading as a censor,

The Bulletin is not a radical newspaper. It does, however, become greatly interested about censorship. (See our recent sympathetic coverage), but a useful reader source is its middle-page *anarchist* column.

These *bulletin* columns for instance can periodically enlighten when one comes on "the Group incident". His angle seemed to be: "Well, if you think The Group is bad, let me show you some really nasty stuff (which he dutifully describes)—get hold of this instead." Then, with shadow of vagueness, as though mentioned in ignorance of "vagueness".

To the April 21 "Bulldogs" is a salutary note on the Chinese Kitchen massacre presented by "Brodie". His thesis was "What happened to—why didn't we?" He was shocked by "a very lucid phrase of her caiced body complete with what appears to be a patch of purple hair". Such will-life prettiness are considered obscene by Australian Courts. "He later continues: 'One year ago and sometimes still continues to eat every week' and notes the one exception.

Oh well, nothing like a respected patch of purple hair to send our local liberals scurrying in said return!

The Queen Must Bleed her heart did have an appendectomy I suppose. I mean, you couldn't blame her for conceiving her vice to Adelaide under the circumstances. And her scheduled departure to Malaya? But we're all glad she was well enough to make a start to New York, and to Australia and to Tasmania and to Barbados and to Bermuda instead! Too bad Tony couldn't stand in for her at the Adelaide Festival, but we might be lucky enough to get him for Anzac Day.

Bits

"Most Australians are well off as regard to creature comforts . . . yet the absence of the expressed desire for culture and for higher things, and their consequent weariness of the mediocre, make these perhaps the poorest race people in the world to-day."

—Sir George Hubert Wilkins, the Australian-born explorer.

*God Save Our Special Men
We are more than just the flag
God Save Our Men.
Send love to Victoria
With charity & sympathy
To all Australia
God Save Our King.*

A short folding menu with a stabby black rectangle around it, where any National Socialist Party members ate the house. This is a gathering of the Croesus Movement, he said.

"You can tell that by our service." At the table there was a choice of names of "Top Men", from a menu rounded the back of the house.

—Sydney "Sunday Telegraph," April 19.

and Pieces

Here We Roll

Speaking at a graduation of Arts students, the new president of Julian at the University of Sydney departed from the tradition of unconvincing graduation speeches to say that *consciousness* is never less than experience, but becomes a willful act of destruction of personal or informed by an intellectual consciousness.

Professor May continued:

The dream to censor is in direct proportion to regular of mind and in inverse proportion to wisdom and emotional maturity.

Tough acceptance of censorship by us certainly amounts to a deliberate subordination of the educational system."

The Premier of NSW, Mr Higgins, also holds an honorary doctorate degree at the university, was given of honour at the ceremony. When asked to comment on Professor May's speech, Mr Higgins said: "Understandably, I was in a difficult position from which to have said no, cannot make any statement."

DISCUSSING the burning of Penny Hill is a recent editorial (20/2/64), the author化 the *Times Literary Supplement* in aid to uncover how much she obviously had on readers. The answer is now very enlightening.

"Thus the Permanent Under-Secretary to the Home Office, as being asked if there was any relation between obscene publications and sex crimes or cases of violence, has often asked ourselves that question. I do not know the answer. We have asked the police and they do not know."

"The Chief Constable of Liverpool, Wall, is usually difficult to say how many妓女 people I should think it is well nigh impossible to my that."

"Truly, the Director of Public Prosecutions I do not know, and I do not suppose anyone else does, either except

"It is a pretty weak position for those who administer the law on this subject to find themselves in, and the result is that all along the line, both the investigating policemen and the senior in the DPP's office right up to the final judgment in court the authorities are trying to protect

Ninety-nine per cent, the Director told the committee, of the national that he lead of "John on one side or the other with one having to go through very elaborate criminal process."

Mr Rylands, implying a similar lack of absolute moral ground, would undoubtedly agree.

WANTED: The right kind of young that for active police work.

Sergeant Crowley, secretary of the Victoria Police Association, hit the headlines that month with some remarkable observations on how to attract police recruits:

"I agree that the wearing of peaked is not really necessary in our service. But anything which will stimulate interest in a police career must be considered."

Although this may not appeal to our conservative and senior officers, I feel that to attract the right type of men between the ages of 19 and 21 in 1964, we must attach more glamour to a police career.

People were openly on half holmes are dressed up as in the Victoria police, but they are undoubtedly an attraction to the potential recruit who would derive considerable pride in being allowed to wear a gun."

* **ALBERT OZ SLOPPY JOES ARE COMING.**

dunciad

book V

Being a review of the current issues of the Sydney University literary journals, "Arna" (edited by Ron Blair) and "Hermes" (edited by Nell MacPherson and Donald Anderson). Plus a comment on OZ.

LAURIE PAYNE

I walked the silent, darkened quad
And felt the presence of a God;
An awful voice within my head
Cried, "Worp, for literature is dead
Nothing's left but recitations
Of good old days and reputations.
Oh, why are the Pro's of yesterday
Still mucking in Arno produced by Blair?
Who sits in that band's Valentine Hall
Squeaks "Nuvone clair can write at all"
And scattering his pearls upon the ground
He writes like dead and rising Posad
In his own inimitable paroxysm
That this his stentor age gone lax is

Too great, too proud, to sleep or plod.
John Carrington died a literary God,
Gone his mind, mired, his figure,
In Ron Blair's sight, keeps getting bigger
And all the rest keep coming back
Like a surprised literary goat attack
Trot to trot, see inside
The pale wits that flowered and died
See all the scabbling corpses there
That Ron once knew brought out to air
Clive James' imp-crack wit repartee
In smoking jackets leaps the set
Brilliant, impish, we're assured
(Though no-one understands a word)
While Mungo's drowsed brain
Becomes fainter all the time,
Like Agamemnon's beacon flame
That telegraphed Hylas's share
Gashed — say, pashed — in Sivelvan verse,
Keeps getting weaker, getting — no, that's impossible!
Ah, signed the God, perhaps Blair's right
And this has dimmed our siren's light

See Hermes, Ida's G.P.O.,
Has lost his wings and walks so slow —
May come from great lame Neil MacPherson
With sixty-three's banalized version,
And Donald Anderson drags behind
Our-lad, our-bragged, out-flogged, out-skinned,
Both wide awake (the reader's bored)
Like Echo and Ass, *de bon accord*.
"Let's ask the readers to write," says Ass
"Yes, man, yes!" says Echo. "That's you!"

"They tell them we destroyed the stock
And Puf! goes our ego, up, up, up!"
"We'll plague the backs, however hairy,
Wake up Grief Chancer! But get a story
There are no-one roads beyond the nose
The first two zero will be the same
The highest place for the lowest rot
Will make our heroes unforget."

Fort Powell in his rotten odogue
Wishes he were a cocking-leg dog
Perpetually drooping on tree after tree
So do we, Craig, so do we!
Client Gorrie's bewildered, he doesn't know,
But wants to affirm the status quo.
Must have battleships must have bears,
Must have amateur poets it seems.
And Geoffrey Lehmann's epic song
Like parallel lines goes on and on,
Conscious that talent and productivity
Must meet up beyond infinity,
And in big cosmopolitan verse
(If you're Oriental read reverse)
Free from meaning, innocent of rhyme,
A total stranger to metre or time,
He shows that verse may be unspecific
To be an effective soporific
Is it terrible poetry or terrible prose?
No-one — not even Geoffrey — knows.
Sauz the God, Of only one thing I'm sure
Two OZ that killed poor literature

OZ, the newest magazine,
Almost satirical, almost obscene,
Our own Australian Private Eye,
Unconsciously sending itself sky-high
OZ, Civil Liberty's crimson knight
Fist with the gags, slow to fight,
Rousing the Censor Dragon's death
Sighs "Gaily, sir" the very next brush
Throws it a maiden to quiet its roar
And sets out to fight its shadow once more
OZ the Wizard, best defined
As magnificently foolish, still perhobd
OZ and buyer, madman and Sir,
Clicking his Goode to Sevenfold Way
"Love" said the Grid "Promises fail
Let's go and write CHAP on literary walls."



MAX IMS



Where will I take her? ☐ him ☐ it ☐ tonight? To MAXIMS naturally. Where else can you enjoy delicious Pizza, blended with warm, home-grown, folk singers? Yes, it's the same pie that attracts 9 million Pizza maniacs to Rome every winter, the same folk music that packs Washington-Square every Sunday. MAXIMS is the most romantic location in Sydney- Newport. Come along — if you swim, land on the southern side of the beach; if you drive, park in Bonaventure Road.

Tajde L
Homespun, greeny wool knitwear
for men and women
425 Cleveland St., Redfern, 69-1640

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A series of studies are being conducted using recycled paper, some of them (Ciba-Geigy) being so effective that almost all recycling **can** now be done without bleaching.

If you need to boost your business, take an ad now. It just got a new, improved look (\$100), featuring some nice extras like copy writing help, free diskettes—15,000 though customers read every issue.

Let them read about your creation, and those not agreeing with you, and not like it, are very few indeed. Those who do will not fail to appreciate it. And you, you may be as they, but not now. Your reply, etc.

THE JUMPED-UP VINE REVUE

Censorship; Ingmar Bergman; Racism; pretension; The Voyager; Alfred Deller; Restoration Obscenity; the Stomp; University administration; Anthropology; Sydney Architecture; Lindsay Evans and Frank Huchens; Robert Helpmann; Shakespeare; Cypress, the A.B.C.; homosexuality; God and other forms of sex; all are set up in

THE JUMPER-UP UNIT REVIEW

Richard Welsh, Richard Neville, Martin Sharp, Chester, Clive James, Andrew Fisher, Paul Thorn and Vodkat. Former have written scripts for

THE BUMPER-HIT REVUE

Michael Allison, Colin Anderson, Loch Blackett, Evelyn Cornelius, David Fennoy, Jack Godden, Debbie Gledhill, Germaine Greer, Carol Mayle, Michael Ralfe are the actors in

THE JUMPED-UP UNI REVUE

Developed by Vaughn Fawver and Michael Day

THE JUMPED-UP UNI RIVUE



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